THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LXV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, AUGUST 18, 1915. No. 33

ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE.

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands,
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep,
Thought after thought, until the little cord
Has greatened to a chain no chance can break,
And—we are anchored to the Infinite!

—Edwin Markham.

Pacific Theological

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Established 1851.

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

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THE MESSAGE OF B. FAY MILLS.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills has been having a large and attentive hearing in the tabernacle in San Francisco for several days, and Christian people in general are convinced that he has a message for the world. There are indications that he will be able to gather up for many the scattered threads of truth in our land and in other lands and show how all center in Christ—the Way, the Truth, and the Life. We have heard three of his sermons or addresses, on "A Lost World," "Lost Souls," and "The Deity of Jesus."

It is noteworthy that Dr. Mills took his stand the very first evening on the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—something which had been declared on the same platform a few evenings before as "rot" and as hellish.

Speaking on "A Lost World," Dr. Mills avoided the old doctrine of total depravity, of sin and guilt for all in Adam, but declared of course that all had sinned and come short of the glory of God—holding sin to be a falling short, a failure to attain, a missing of the mark.

The thought was, as he contemplated the rottenness and corruption in industrial, social, and political life, that men and women hadn't learned how to live, and that the world would continue to be a lost world until the lessons of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhod of man had been learned. The sins of the nations were pictured graphically, and retribution was seen in many of the happenings of the past and the present. Not only Europe was scored, but we as a nation were told that God had laid up against us infamous acts also that had not yet worked out their bitter consequences. Despite the fact that the shackels had been broken from the slave we were reminded that we had as yet scarcely confronted the Negro question; and as he contemplated our Oriental brothers, the reminder was that we could not be saved alone.

The second sermon, that on "Lost Souls" had as a text the words, The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

That evening the distinguished poet, Edwin Markham, sat on the platform. Dr. Mills presented him to the people with the remark that no living man was preaching the gospel any better than Edwin Markham was. Telling a story of some work done by a Los Angeles photographer a few years ago, Dr. Mills remarked that if he could have taken a picture of Markham's soul it would have been worth two hundred and fifty billion dollars.

The thought in the sermon that evening centered in the Scripture words, "Thou Shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart * * * and thy neighbor as thyself." It was shown that even a man's enemy is his neighbor, and that he is a lost soul who does not love even his enemy. To live that life of love was said to be salvation. The impulse to it Dr. Mills said was found in "Christ in us, the hope of glory." Take him, rest in him, feed on him, and there is salvation. As to the work of Christ, it was declared that he came not as a propitiation of God, but that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.

Naturally the two addresses on "A Lost World" and "Lost Souls" overlapped somewhat. It was the second evening that Dr. Mills said that this world was not so much a withered or rotten world as it was an incomplete world, that though there is imperfection everywhere, yet

In the scum of things
Always something sings.

Speaking on "The Deity of Jesus," Dr. Mills took as a text or foreword, around which he said would center all he had to say, the words in the gospel according to John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that hath been made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men."

These words, he remarked, were the very heart of the New Testament, and if they are not true there is no need for Christ apart from ethical culture. It does not matter when or by whom on earth they were written; their source was to God, and to none but a God-inspired man could such a truth have come, was the declaration in substance.

Distinguishing between his position concerning Jesus in recent years and at present, Dr. Mills said that he saw and emphasized now as he had never done before the Eternal Christ—the pre-historic Christ, the one who was before Abraham and before the world was, the Pre-existent Christ, the Word finally made flesh in Jesus of Nazareth. He spoke of him as an expression of God, one in whom the whole of God appeared or was manifest; the same yesterday, today, and forever, having glory with God before the world was and who knew it—the creating inspiring principle in whom all things consist and in whom they hold together.

The world was never lost in God's thought, remarked Dr. Mills. In his Only Begotten Son he has manifested himself in all fullness and perfection, and as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world he stands as the Eternal Principle of sacrifice, one slain from the foundation of the world. And Christ as this undying principle will live in any soul that will surrender to his will—all of which was in the eternal purpose of God before the world was.

It was at this juncture that Dr. Mills spoke of "a sense of separateness which curses us," of a selfishness, a living for self, because of a failure to see the unity of all life. And then in substance the thought was: This is a prodigal world, but it couldn't get entirely away, for God has been and ever is seeking. He sent his Son! And coming in the flesh Christ met the worst there was in the world—neglect, scorn and contempt, ignominy; but with him it was "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In speaking of the Resurrection, Dr. Mills said—if we caught his thought—that if we could lay down our lives, give them in such a sacrificial way as Christ gave his, we also could take them up again.

In speaking of God seeking the prodigal world in and through Christ, he held up the Representative Christ, and not an interceder or a pleader.

There was glimpsed what may be Dr. Mills' idea of God and man and the universe when he remarked that "evolution is the return of the atom to God."

All in all we thought as we listened to Dr. Mills that his view might perhaps be summed up in these words of Reginald J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, concerning Jesus: "We want a deliverer who is a master in other worlds than this and knows it, a revealer who can speak as from the very heart of things and with the voice of God, one whose life is so intertwined with our own that nothing can be true of him which is not potentially true of us. . . This being is at once our source and our goal, that aspect of the eternal reality in which we are all comprehended, our gateway into God."

More widely and more profoundly every day are men and women realizing that we all are beings from an eternal source, individualized here on earth, and that we are called to rise from the lower life of sense and selfishness and to become more and more an expression of God.

One of our modern Christian thinkers has expressed this and a kindred thought thus: "We must never allow ourselves to forget that there is a spirit in us which is called to rise through the physical, the psychical, the intellectual, to realize redemption on the height of its own sublime consciousness of God. Nor is this a mere tending upward by the imprisoned spirit; it is a being drawn upward by the power of the Over-Soul which is God."

Satisfied as we are with Dr. Mills' presentation of doctrine and belief, we wonder nevertheless just what the impression may have been on other minds. We have been told that it seemed vague to some. We have been asked what did he mean when he spoke of "the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world."

Our impression is—and it is upheld by the tenor of the entire address—that it was with no crude, traditional conception of the atonement, but with the thought that the eternal purpose that Jesus Christ should lay down his life finally on Calvary was intended to make clear the law of life, that of sacriäcial service; and be at the same time the magnet that would draw all men unto him and to the Father. "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." One in love and in loving sacrificial service.

A few words from Professor Buckham's book "Christ and the Eternal Order," may make this clearer. At a certain point he says: "We have been speaking of the atonement hitherto as if it occurred solely at a given point in time, at a certain crisis in human history. But more thorough thinking shows that this cannot be. In order to be in any sense historical, the atonement must be an eternal process in the heart of God. An eternal atonement is the necessary corollary of eternal divine love. A love that never suffered for human sin before the crucifixion, or that never before the incarnation in great compassion sought to win men away from sin, would not be love. 'The redemption of the Christ was the manifestation of that which is eternal in the being of God.' "

We do not believe, since our hearing of Dr. Mills, that he is going to turn away from all that came to him in the years he was out of the evangelical ranks, but that he will aim to show how much of it is found to center in Christ when we see deeply and aright. God has never been absent from his world or his universe. And his brooding, inspiring spirit is operating today, in every land, in every department of life.

We hope that Dr. Mills as he goes about the country will be able to bring things new and old into such juxtaposition and harmony in the minds of the people as to be a great clarifying factor and a messenger winning many to a knowledge of God and a life of righteousness.

HAUNTING DOGGEREL.

Mark Twain has told in "A Literary Nightmare" the effect which some doggerel verse had on him when it first came to his notice.

Noah Brooks and Isaac Bromley were riding on a street car in New York one day when they saw the following words on a placard:

A Blue Trip Slip for an 8 Cents Fare.
A Buff Trip Slip for a 6 Cents Fare.
A Pink Trip Slip for a 3 Cents Fare.
For Coupon and Transfer, Punch the Tickets.

One of them exclainmed "It's poetry!" And together the began perfecting the poetic character of the notice, giving it still more of a rhythmic twist and jingle. Going to the office of The Tribune, two editors there gave assistance with this result:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Puunch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare.
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare.
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
Chorus.
Punch brothers! Punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

When this was printed and came to the attention of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) it took instant and entire possession of him and went waltzing through his brain to the obliteration of everything else. When he had eaten his breakfast that morning he couldn't tell whether he had eaten anything or not. When he sat down to continue the novel which he was writing, he could get his pen to say nothing but "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." He got relief only by unloading it on others, and with sad results there.

The day following the appearance of the jingle in The Atlantic, Howells, the editor, went to dine at Ernest Longfellow's and his host and Tom Appleton kept urging each other to punch with care. The ladies in the Longfellow home had it by heart. "Boston was devastated by it. At home Howell's children recited it to him in chorus. The streets were full of it; in Harvard it became an epidemic." It was translated into other languages and went around the world.

In his evangelistic meetings the Rev. William Sunday gets off jingles having salacious suggestions which stick in the minds of his hearers with disastrous results. That which he gave in his meetings in the East last winter and which was quoted by Dr. Aked in his protest against such evangelism was a sample. We have been told by different persons that it was waltzing about in their minds for days after they had read it.

Last week, at the opening of the school year at the University of California we found on the shelves where the new books are placed one entitled "Personal Information for Young Men." The book was first published five

years ago, but it isn't obsolete or it wouldn't have been placed there last week. The author says of his book: "This is not a religious book in the ordinary meaning of the term; it is simply a work of physiology, written from a purely health point of view." We quote from it: "Thoughts come first. A word is only the expression of a thought; but if you should think of an impure story and be on the point of repeating it, refrain. You may cause a laugh, but the moral tone of yourself and those who hear the story will be appreciably lowered. If a low ribald phrase rises to your lips check it ere it passes into speech, for a word once spoken can never be recalled."

The author continues: "It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the youth who is just verging into manhood that purity in thought, word, and deed, is absolutely essential to progress both materially and mentally. There is nothing so damaging to the system as impure thoughts." He is careful to say that while there is nothing wrong in thinking about those things concerning which he writes, provided that the reason is good, as in studying physiology or in reading such a book as his, there is everything wrong in allowing the mind to idly dwell on such things. It is this that leads on to the waste of vital constituents or secretions which, if not dissipated, go on to nourish the whole system.

The thoughts which are to be avoided the author says may come sometimes without apparent cause, but that they are almost always suggested by something read or heard or seen; and that the desire to prolong the thoughts will often be very strong. "This is called 'wallowing in the mud,' and the mental calibre will be as much affected by it as the clothes would if the boy rolled in the mud."

Physicians know well the congestion which often follows and the long train of ailments frequently entailing life-long suffering.

Mr. Sunday preached a fine sermon one night on the words "Whatsoever things are true, think on these things." He should preach on the remainder of the passage, especially on the words "Whatsoever things are pure." There is need that people should think more on these things.

Mr. Sunday's only remark concerning his ditty which had salacious suggestiveness was: "The data which Dr. Aked used in his published denunciation of me was culled from a dodger which the liquor interests have distributed by the thousands all over the country." He is blind to the fact that the liqour interests had two objects in so quoting him—for he does not deny using the ditty. No doubt it was to create a feeling against him in the minds of Christian people and thus weaken him as an opponent of "booze", but the liquor men know well the suggestivness of that jingle, and the saloon and the house of ill-fame are to a great extent partners.

As to other utterances by Mr. Sunday which are excused because of the humor in them, our judgment is that he should be brought to agree to omit them or be refused the endorsement of Christian people. Whenever it is necessary to speak of the nude let him do it in good plain English. We want no prudery anywhere. The human body is a pure and sacred vessel. There is wide scope for the legitimate exercise of Mr. Sunday's humor without resort to those objectionable expressions over which he beamed and glowed so delightedly on the platform of the San Francisco tabernacle. These were his "choice" morsels, for he laughed and beamed over them more than over any other.

It is the humor in these expressions that makes them stick in the minds of many of the people and work out damaging results.

Mr. Sunday said to a San Francisco reporter, "Every man has his own individual vocabulary," and that he talks the language of the men he is trying to reach. But he has changed his vocabulary according to his own statement one night on the platform. He remarked that he once said "done" for "did" and "seen" for "saw", or vice versa. He doesn't speak that way any more. Nevertheless it is the vernacular of some of the men whom he aims to reach. Mr. Sunday can change some more if he wishes to do so.

As he now conducts himself Mr. Sunday is a stirrer-up of trouble wherever he goes. While he sows seeds of good, he sows also seeds of evil. The good he does is apparent; a great deal of the evil is not apparent; it works out, unknown to people in general, its awful consequences. There is evil in his train, however, which is apparent; it is seen in the bitterness and enmities engendered between church people wherever he appears; and which, beyond intelligent question can be laid mainly at his door.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

THEOLOGICAL FORMULAS DECLARED BY EMINENT THEOLOGIANS TO BE NOT VITAL.

In his Yale lectures on preaching, given in 1914, the Rev. Sylvester Horne, that great English preacher lately gone into the other life, expressed the conviction that "in man's fight for life as a spiritual being the mystic breath of the Divine Spirit is more than all our formulus." He gave it as his personal belief that "theological formulas will matter comparatively little in the new evangelism." He stated that his reason for saying this was an historical one, and said in that connection."

"The two men who together were responsible for the Evangelical Review were representatives of two contrasted schools of theology, which all the praiseworthy efforts of their successors have not been able wholly to reconcile. Whitefield affirmed with immense conviction what Wesley decried with equal strenuousness. There never has been in the history of theological controversy a deluge of pamphlets so virulent and so scurrilous as those with which their partisans assailed one another. You might easily have supposed that these antagonistic schools of theologians would have neutralized one another or at least minimized the general effect of their mutual labors. But it was not so.

And the reason is, of course, that in the mercy of God the blunders of our finite minds are not permitted to prevent his word from being glorified. It is not creeds that bring the breath of life back to exhausted souls, but faith."

Dr. Horne remarked further, lest he be misunderstood: "That is not to say, of course, that crude and unworthy teaching about God or man may not produce painful reaction of an intellectual sort. This that I am saying is no plea for slipshod and shallow thinking. But, just as the most profound and wise theologian may utterly fail to inspire the hearer to virtue and to faith, apart from men of soul and fire to believe and preach it; so a theology that is greatly inferior in intellectual strength may nevertheless be more than compensated for by a preacher whose heart God has touched. It is faith, faith, faith, that conquers

the world. The life of God is the strength of saints; and it is the same divine life in Calvin and in Wesley, in St. Francis of Assisi and John Knox, in Jonathan Edwards and Henry Ward Beacher."

We find Professor McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary saying in his new book, "The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas'":

"Theologies may differ widely and yet the religion which underlies them be equally pure and genuine. The form which the theology takes depends upon many things. The traditions into which a man is born, the training he has enjoyed, the prevailing ideas of the age in which he lives, are all reflected in his thought. Identical or similar experiences may thus express themselves in many different forms."

Doubtless there are many who could not follow Professor McGiffert to his final conclusion, but so far he will be quite generally admitted to be right, as will also Dr. Horne whose position is similar.

Professor McGiffert had been setting forth some of Schleiermacher's views and went on to say:

"In this conception of the relation of theology and religion, which has become a commonplace since Schleiermacher's time is to be found one of the principal secrets of the breadth and charity with which modern Christians regard the adherents of other faiths than their own. And it has made possible the scientific study of the history of religion which distinguishes our day. The old contrasts between true and false religions, which led to the condemnation of all except judaism and Christianity is seen to be fallacious. When religion is interpreted as Schleiermacher interpreted it, the adjectives true and false are as irrevelant to it as blue and yellow. The conclusions drawn from religion and the theologies built upon it may be true or false, but religion itself lies in another realm, where such categories are wholly out of place."

This must be taken with Schleiermacher's interpretation of religion which Prof. McGiffert says is not universally accepted. Schleiermacher defined religion as the consciousness of the All and our relation to it. He is quoted by McGiffert as saying: "In the immediacy of religion all is true, for how could it otherwise come to be? But only that is immediate which has not yet passed through the concept, but has grown up simply in feeling... Every one must be conscious that his religion is only a part of the whole, that there are views and sentiments touching the same conditions that affect him religiously which are as pious as his own and yet entirely different, and that these belong to other forms of religion perceptions and feelings for which he has no capacity. You see how immediately this beautiful modesty, this friendly and invitin. tolerance, springs out of the essence of religion and how little it can be divorced from it."

After thus quoting Schleiermacher, McGiffert remarks: "As a matter of fact, the modern notion of religion has made possible a degree of liberality which neither conservatives nor radicals were capable of in earlier days. Today liberalism exists even among those of strong and deep religious faith, whereas in other days it could hardly be shared in so great a degree by any but the religiously indifferent."

While Professor McGiffert states that Schleiermacher's interpretation is not everywhere accepted, yet it has had the effect of giving a new independence to religion and freeing it from its old subordination. Therefore he says: "Religion thus enjoys in present-day thought a respect and commands an attention even from non-religious men which were formerly not accorded to it. So long as it was a mere menas to some other end, eternal salvation or the practice of virtue, the belief that the end was chimerical, or that it could be better attained by other menas, led to the condemnation of religion as unwholesome or vicious, and so long as it was indissolubly bound up with all sorts of traditional dogmas, the advancing intelligence of the modern age was disposed to count it among the outworn superstitions of the past and to turn from it in contempt. But when once set upon its own feet, it became an object of new interest to scientific scholars, whatever their own religious attitude. It has thus been studied with a new sympathy and impartiality, and it has also gained for itself respectful attention and treatment. This means much for the religious thought of today. A new atmosphere has been created within which beliefs and ideas of the most various kinds can live and breathe freely, while the discussion of them may be engaged in without rancor by men of diverse schools, both within and without the Church. There are still some who think of religion in the old way and denounce differences in religious beliefs with the old vigor and bitterness, but the great mass of modern thinkers, even those whose religious beliefs are conservative enough, live in a new and freer air."

Although it may not be relevant here, nevertheless, since we have given Schleiermacher's definition of religion, it may be of interest and value to our readers to state that Professor McGiffert when he gave it—the consciousness of the All and our relation to it—remarked in connection: "A modification of his idea has been influential which interprets the larger whole in terms of moral purpose, and makes religion consist in the recognition of this divine purpose and virtue life in swmpathy with and devotion to it. Matthew Arnold's description of God as the 'power not ourselves that makes for righteousness' illustrates this position, and in the teaching of the German theologian Ritschl, it finds its completest and most consistent theological formulation. We are religious when we rise above our separate and single selves into the consciousness of a divine purpose; and, when we devote ourselves to its accomplishment, we put our religion into practice and are righteous in the highest sense. The influence of this conception upon the religious thought and life of the present day it would be hard to exaggerate."

Here in conclusion we pick up two thoughts from Dr. Horne:

"The man who can kindle the multitude, recreate faith in a worldly age, and inspire the ideals of a whole people does more than all the authors, artists, and statesmen put together."

"The Church of today needs to ponder deeply on the fact that it was the man of moral massive intellect and most varied scholarship who was the first great Christian evangelist."

I do not doubt interiors have their interiors and exteriors have their exteriors, and that the eye-sight has another eye-sight, and the hearing another hearing and the voice another voice.—Whitman.

THE CONTINUITY OF THE FAITH THROUGH THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES AND OUR GOODLY HERITAGE.

In his new book on "A Century's Change in Religion" George Harris, D. D. LL. D., former professor in Andover Theological Seminary and ex president of Amherst College, says:

"There are certain vital essential beliefs which are unchanged, are permanent, though expressed at sundry times in divers manners, truths that cannot be shaken. The past has handed down to the present great religious values. We have a goodly heritage. Forms of expression, of definition have often been inadequate, sometimes mistaken, but the core of the gospel has not been lost."

Doubtless it will be of interest and value for the readers of The Pacific to have a glimpse of some of the things set forth by Dr. Harris in his book. We quote what he says on Revelation:

"The belief that God reveals himself, the doctrine of revelation, is in all creeds. God, it has been held, reveals himself in two ways: in nature and in Christ. God's works and ways in his universe are a revelation. The Bible contains sublime representations of the revelation of God in nature... The silent ordered procession of the worlds, the music of the spheres, express God's thoughts... The more we know of the forces and potencies of the universe, the invisible as well as the visible, the more wonderful and immediate the presence and power of God.

"The other revelation is Christ, who had God-consciousness in the highest degree. We know the character of God, his disposition, we might say. It was held that the Bible is a revelation, but it is because the books record the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. He was the revelation. He revealed God to men and men to themselves.

"Man himself is a revelation of God. Humanity is a part of nature, the best part. God has created a peopled universe. God rejoices in his habitable world. His thought is found in human beings as well as in the material universe. He is revealed in man as well as to man. In his own self man sees the purpose of God and sees it more clearly in his ideal self. The theory that man was a special immediate creation is abandoned. But the evolutionary theory, as an eminent scientist says, 'presents a nobler conception of the Supreme Being', or as I should say, the Infinite Intelligence. The conception that man has risen from a low and humble form of life, that he has slowly overcome the brute by force of mind and reason, is a far nobler conception of the method and purpose of infinite intelligence, than the dogmatic idea that man was created a little lower than the angels, but not quite perfect enough to keep him from degenerating from that early pristine condition.... The whole long line of ascent from amoeba to man may be regarded on the human line of evolution. Somewhere, always keeping to the center of that line, was a life impulse leading straight to man. Freed from the old teleological line of theological teaching, here was the definite purpose. Man was always the heart and core of the tree.'

"Great and unique men have appeared from time to time and have exerted a profound influence on their fellowmen. These men see deep into the truth of things; they interpret the realities in which God expresses his thought; they read God's thoughts after him and read them out to men. Hence we say that genius is inspired, for the mind that perceives truth in things must be responsive to and so inspired by the intelligence that made things the vehicle of thought. The inspirations of genius are discoveries, not creations, of truth. All realities, then, are revelations. The universe, humanity, and epitome of humanity, are embodiments of divine truth, goodness and beauty.

"As beauty is the splendor of truth so law and reason and society and genius are the outshining of the Infinite Intelligence. The supreme revelation is Christ, an inspired man and more, a genius and more, a God-filled man who brings God to men and men to God. The doctrine of revelation is a precious heritage."

The Christian Faith Simplified and thus Enlarged.

As to this Dr. Harris writes: "The Christian faith has in these modern times been simplified, and by the simplifying has been enlarged. There is an expansion of the faith. We sum it all up in two principles, two essentials: the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. This simplifying is not a reduction, but an enlargement of belief. There has been a change in our thought of God, from the conception of Sovereignty to the conception of Fatherhood. Speaking broadly, it may be said that the Latin theology made sovereignty the central doctrine. The Roman government was a type of the divine government. Augustine exalted God, the great almighty ruler. This theology stamped the doctrines of decrees of predestination and reprobation, the mere good pleasure of God as the cause of all events. The belief engendered fear and awe rather than love and trust. The Puritan, Calvinistic, theology passed this doctrine on to the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. It made almightyness superior to love. When the sovereignty of God is the final resort of religious thought, and the central idea of theology, the assumption is made that in the last analysis it cannot be known for what reasons God administers his kingdom of providence and redemption as he does, and that therefore, so far as we are concerned, the divine action is arbitrary. The center of doctrine has shifted from sovereignity to fatherhood. It is believed that power is directed by reason and reason by love. It has been represented in the past that the justice and the mercy of God conflict, that a just God requires strong inducement to forego his purpose of punishment, that it could hardly have been expected, is forever a wonder and a mystery, that the claims of justice could be relinquished. There have been theologies which adopted as a fundamental principle this: that God **must** be just and **may** be mercyful. It has been held that it is morally necessary that God should hate and punish a sinner; but only in an inferior degree, if at all, morally necessary that in love he should energize to save the sinner.

"It is needless to say that these notions are abandoned. Indeed it is not easy for us to understand them. Love hates and condemns sin, cannot tolerate sin, visits penalty on sin, will not have man happy in his sin, and therefore tries to restore the sinner to righteousness, goes out in sympathy and love and sacrifice to save him from the self-destruction of sin."

Dr. Harris goes on to say as to sin: "While we cast aside the notion of original sin imputed to us, of total depravity, since there is some good in everybody, a conscience that stirs, we cannot deny that we go wrong and do wrong by our own choice... There is retrogression from the ideal as well as progression toward it.

"The redemption of man from sin to holiness is the doctrine of the creeds about which all other doctrines

revolve. Holiness is wholeness, the life centered and harmonious; sin is the fragmentary, broken life, out of tune. Christ restores man to himself. Christ reveals God seeking men to bring them back to himself in faith and love by the way of sacrifice.... While we do not theorize about atonement, about justice and penalty, about substitution and guilt, about imputation of righteousness, we hold to the reality of the self-sacrifice of Christ, as the divine way of converting men from selfishness to love. If any man be in Christ Jesus, has his spirit, is touched, moved and conquered by that spirit, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new. Christ's power is in the world at issue still with sin, the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. We are not satiesfied with the conception of Christ merely as a great teacher, though he is that; as an example, though he is that; he is the Redeemer, loving men, even if he dies for it, out of sin into goodness. The cross is the symbol of Christianity."

The Doctrine of the Person of Christ.

"The doctrine of the person of Christ is a heritage. The creeds define exactly and minutely, give us the theologic Christ, the second person of the Trinity, define the mode of existence, the Son proceeding from the Father, the Spirit proceeding from theFather and the Son, the three equal in power and glory, yet not three Gods, but one God. What it all signified was that God was in Christ, that he was a great spiritual magnitude, revealing God, creating a new type of life and establishing a kingdom of righteousness and brotherhood. We have this heritage, though we do not attempt to penetrate the mystery of the Divine being, nor to adopt precise distinctions of the relations of this marvelous man to God. We have recovered the true humanity of Jesus and know Him the God-filled man.

"It may be doubted whether at any time the name of Christ has been more reverenced than in this time. Somehow the world apprehends him as the great friend of all the sons of men, the severe denouncer of social wrong, of hypocricy, of selfishness, the seer with vision of God, his Father and our Father, the self-sacrificing, loving, sympathizing helper of men. At meetings of workingmen it is said that the church when mentioned has been hissed, the name of Jesus applauded. The Christ idea has got a lodgment in men's minds. It is the idea of a life of integrity, honor, contempt of shams and pretenses, and infinite pity, a mighty appeal to the best in men and women. The Christ idea is a distinctive, a definite idea of the true life. Everybody knows what is meant when it is said of an act that it is Christ-like, that it is Christian. It is a convincing wonder that as the ages pass his presence does not fade and disappear in an ever remoter past, but is clearer, brighter, near to each succeeding generation.

The Ideal Set Forth in a Real Person.

The ideal is embodied in Jesus Christ. It is set forth in a real person. It is not all nor partly in theory; it has been incarnated in an actual person. The virtue of Jesus is reproductive in others who will personally appropriate it. It is a type which does not discourage but which appeals and moves to the point of choice and adoption. Sympathy, kindles sympathy, kindles response. Nothing in the world is so fitted to awaken response and hope as the living actual Christ, under the burdens and sorrows of life for the sake of men, whom he condemned, pitied and loved. Such a life is not merely ideal and pattern. It is transforming moral power. Touched and transformed by him man leaves not only his old way of sin, but also his old way of virtue, under prohibition and legalism. He has a new principle of righteousness which takes up all that is good in the old, fulfilling the law of injunctions and denials in the higher and deeper law of loving his neighbor as himself. Men see what perfection is and reproduce it as one light is lighted from another. Paul's best characterization of Jesus is that he is a life-giving Spirit.

* * *

"Such embodiment, such incarnation of holy character, was not a temporary incident in the world's history. It was not a power introduced, only to be withdrawn and soon forgotten; it was an historical manifestation of eternal reality. Having gained lodgment in human thoughts and beliefs it cannot be dislodged. The recorded biography keeps the image fresh. The mode in which the spirit and law of Jesus are apprehended is of less consequence than some suppose. It is of comparatively little importance whether he is thought of as an historical personage of the past, known only by the records, or as a present spiritual power, whether as exemplar, friend, master or redeemer, so long as he is the revelation of God and the inspirer of life. Enough that he is still the way, the truth and the life. That he is such to millions of men and women, that they have his character, that they trust his Father and their Father, is the great fact showing that his power is still in the world."

"THE JEWEL CITY."

The new book by Ben Macomber concerning the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is by far the best yet issued as a help to the study and understanding of the Exposition.

It is a beautifully illustrated volume of 205 pages and one which many will wish to keep as a reminder of what in the year 1915 became a part of their being in San Francisco as they went about on the grounds and in the palaces of the Exposition.

Although you have been to the Exposition and do not expect to go again you will find this a desirable and valuable book to have.

We quote a few paragraphs. With reference to the Fountain of El Dorado, by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney it is said: "It tells the story of an Aztec myth of a god whose brilliance is so dazzling that the sun is his veil and who lives in a darkened temple lest his light destroy humanity. At the center of the recessed walls are doors of the deity's shaded abode, a guardian on either side. In the friezes naked humanity moves ever onward, striving to reach the home of the god. The figures, in full relief, are splendid in their grace and vigor. Here are men and women whom nothing can hold back; here are those who must be pushed along, some who linger for love, others for worldly goods; but all the strong and the faint, the eager and the tardy move forward irresistibly to their destiny."

With reference to the Adventurous Bowman on the Column of Progress the author says that with past human achievement behind him, he is seeking new enterprise in the west whither he had loosed his arrow. "At his back is a figure of humanity, signifiying the support of mankind. By his side is the woman ready to crown his success. The question has often been asked, why there is no string to the archer's bow. The sculptor properly omitted it, for at the moment the arrow leaves the bow, the cord is vibrating far too strongly to be visible."

The book contains much information concerning the

buildings and the exhibits, and is to be commended for its comprehensiveness as well as in all other respects.

It is published by John H. Williams of San Francisco and Tacoma, and may be had at bookstores for $1.00 in decorative board cover, and for $1.25 in cloth. If ordered of the publisher by mail address him at Sheldon Building, San Francisco and add 10 cents for postage.

LIKE THE DRIVELINGS OF THE IDIOT.

Let none think that we are calling the mayor of Atlanta, Georgia, an idiot. However, what he said at a banquet in San Francisco, with reference to the Leo Frank case, made us think of such drivel. He declared that he **knew** Frank murdered Mary Phagan; that he **knew** the negro did not do the deed.

If he had said that this was his judgment on the case, it would have been unobjectionable. But such a pronouncement as he made has brought additional discredit on the State of Georgia. Is it possible that a man with so little good common sense as that indicates could be elected mayor of Atlanta? What kind of people have they down in Atlanta? We hope they will get the mayor back there very soon so that he will not bring more discredit on the State.

All that he said about "a poisoned and subsidized press and press reports" was nonsense. We have read such extensive excerpts from the evidence as to become convinced that there was such lack of strength in its as to justify the commutation of the sentence.

If correctly reported in our daily papers, the Atlanta mayor deplored in one breath the hanging of Monday night and in the next justified it. Here are his reported words:

"While we people of Georgia deplore this deed of Monday night, we know what is behind the feeling that prompted it, and I want it understood that it is simply emphasizing the fact that when it comes to woman's honor there is no limit we will not go to avenge and to protect."

We said, he first deplored it. No, he didn't, according to this paragraph!

Get you back to Georgia, "Mr. Mayor!—if they want you there after such utterances as these. Do not attempt to "put us right" on anything else. Sound suggestions are always welcome, but nothing such as you have poured out on us.

LABOR SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

For several years it has been the custom for the churches to observe the Sunday before Labor Day as Labor Sunday. This year, Labor Sunday will come September 5. The day will be observed in most Protestant churches with fitting addresses on some phase of the industrial question.

In many pulpits the question of the relation of the workers to war will be discussed. In others socialism and syndicalism will furnish themes, while other ministers will discuss industrial war and business competition. The Social Creed of the Church, one of the epochal documents in the history of Christianity, will be used in many churches. The members of the church ought to be as familiar with the Social Creed of the Church as they are with the Apostles' Creed. This Social Creed has been adopted by practically all the Protestant denominations as the united expression of the social conscience of the churches. It is a demand for social justice.

The Social Creed of the Church declares that the churches must stand:

1. For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.
2. For the protection of the family, by the single standard of purity, uniform divorce laws, proper regulation of marriage, and proper housing.
3. For the fullest possible development for every child, especially by the provision of proper education and recreation.
4. For the abolition of child labor.
5. For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.
6. For the abatement and prevention of poverty.
7. For the protection of the individual and society from the social, economic and moral waste of the liquor traffic.
8. For the conservation of health.
9. For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases, and mortality.
10. For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, for the safeguarding this right against encroachments of every kind, and for the protection of workers from the hardships of enforced unemployment.
11. For suitable provision for the old age of the workers, and for those incapacitated by injury.
12. For the right of employees and employers alike to organize; and for adequate means of conciliation and arbitration in industrial disputes.
13. For a release from employment one day in seven.
14. For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.
15. For a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.
16. For a new emphasis upon the application of Christian principles to the acquisition and use of property, and for the most equitable division of the product of industry that can ultimately be devised.

Each of us is inevitable;
Each of us is limitless—each of us with his or her right upon the earth;
Each of us allow'd the eternal purports of the earth;
Each of us here as divinely as any is here.

—Walt Whitman.

Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,
Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands,
Where the city of the healthiest fathers stands,
Where the city of the best-bodied mothers stands,
There the great city stands!—Whitman.

I do not think seventy years is the time of man or woman,
Nor that seventy millions years is the time of man or woman,
Nor that years will ever stop the existence of me or anyone else.—Whitman.

TO OLD AGE.

I see in you the estuary that enlarges and spreads itself grandly as it pours in the great Sea.

HELEN GRACE WYCKOFF.

"We asked for a single lady and the Lord sent us two," enthusiastically exclaimed Mrs. Arthur Smith as she reviewed the early days of the Pang Chaung station. She referred to the remarkable response to their eager search for a young woman to take up the growing Shantung work, made by the Woman's Board of the Interior, when they commissioned the twin sisters, Miss Grace and Miss Gertrude Wyckoff of Galesburg, Ill. The joy of the Pang Chaung field was unbounded; and the wonder of it that there should be two so alike was just as great among the appreciative Chinese as it is here among us in America.

Three years after graduation from Knox College found Miss Grace as the oldest sister in a family of eight children, helping in the home, and in the church of which her father was pastor. Her call to China came in the shape of an appeal made by Miss Ada Haven of Peking, for nine young women for North China. "I must be one of them," responded Miss Grace, and we can imagine her joy when after writing of her decision to her sister Gertrude who was doing A. M. A. work in the South, she received the reply that her "other self" was ready to go also. They reached Pang Chaung in the autumn of 1887; and from the beginning, all through the years, have kept house together in their own home. "It is just like heaven", the native women used to say, as they hobbled on their tiny feet through the neat pretty rooms, gazed at the fine photographs of father, mother, brothers and sisters in the "home-land", listened to the organ, and heard "the wonderful words of life" in song and story from the lips of the sisters. How beautiful it all was! and as the years went by, many and many a weary soul did find Heaven through the ministrations of that home, and through the hard country touring. Hard roads that involuntarily "made the tears come", as Miss Grace wrote once, hard poor fare in the barren poverty-stricken homes of the country peasants, hard discipline in the solving of the problems of the sick, the homeless, the wayward, the persecuted, yet there was never a word of complaint, it was counted such a joy and privilege to render this service.

It was given to Miss Grace to found the first school for girls in that region. Its name means the Cultivation of Truth, and the graduates are prepared to enter such institutions as the North China Women's College in Peking. Others will write of this at length, and with blinding tears, but with grateful hearts, we shall read this thrilling chapter of heroic service uplifting and training the down-trodden, neglected young womanhood of China.

Never between any two people have there been stronger ties, so it could not have been easy to take separate furloughs, as these sisters usually did, that the beloved mother who has been blind for twenty years might have as much as possible of her gifted daughters. This year the removal of their station to the large city of Te-chou, fifteen miles away, had made it possible for them to come together. They arrived in San Francisco, July 5th, hoping that while the new buildings were going up, they might have a whole year together in the United States.

Miss Grace had "taken her life in her hands" many times, in her journeys across the Pacific, and in the siege of Peking in Boxer days, and in times of persecution or of epidemic, but never so truly as when she said good by to her family in San Gabriel, and made her way to the Children's Hospital in San Francisco, the last day of July, for a needed operation. Mrs. Ament was with her for the first trying days, but obliged to meet her own appointments, sailed for China, Saturady, Aug. 7th, confident that her dear coworker would speedily be restored to health; but that was not to be, and at 5 A. M. Monday morning, Aug. 9th, our beloved slipped away.

In the new parlors at 2198 Geary St., that so charmingly combine the home and the chapel, a privileged group of friends who could be hastily gathered, met at 2:30 P. M., Wednesday, Aug. 11th, with Miss Gertrude who had come from San Gabriel, and Miss Mary en route from Tougaloo, for a last service. Rev. J. K. Browne of Turkey, who has been acting secretary for the American Board upon this Coast, read many of Miss Grace's favorite passages, those which were her very life as she ministered to the suffering, needy ones of her large parish. They were: Ps. 23, Is. 41: 13, Ps. 73: 23-26, Ps. 90: 14-17, 1 Cor. 15: 51-58, 1 Thes. 13-18, and parts of the eleventh and fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of the Gospel of John.

As he finished the reading, Mr. Browne said in part. One summer day, two sisters came into my office, cheery, bright, inspiring, as they talked over the work in the far East. I had never seen them before, but when they spoke their names, I knew them at once as splendid workers in the vineyard. The last ime Miss Grace came in, she said, "I am going to the hospital, and when I return, I expect to be entirely well." Today she is perfectly well. I went with her to a bank that has a great capital, to draw a very modest check. Now she is in the palace of the King, and she has unlimited credit there. She has the limitless resources of the Lord at perfect command.

I do not know of her early life, of her call to service, of the many experiences through th years in China, but ah! how much others know! "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Faith's Prayer", a favorite with both of the sisters, was sung by Miss Harriet Pasmore, after which Rev. Geo W. Hinman, formerly of Foochow, who had the privilege of visiting them in their Pang Chuang work, spoke as follows:

"I am sure that all of the fellow-workers of Miss Grace feel that they have lost one who was more than a sister to us all, and they feel today that one of the family, the large China family, has gone before. The sisters were a benediction at every Mission Meeting they attended. How much their presence was to us all! If ever there was an illustration of the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened, it is found in Pang Chaung and in these two lives; and all that has been done there, all that has been built up, is the result of lives lived. Not anywhere is there a more powerful illustration of what can be accomplished by quiet, faithful, purposeful living in the school and in touring. To say that China is changed is a truism; but that is what has changed it—the living of such lives as this; and the influence will live right on after the worker has been taken from us. It is impossible to say how we shall miss this splendid sister, this splendid worker. We can only rejoice that the seed has been put in; and that we have the wonderful result of the influence of Christian personality."

After Dr. Kelsey, the newly appointed secretary for the American Board for the Pacific Coast, led in prayer, Mendelssohn's comforting "O rest in the Lord, Wait patiently for Him" was sweetly sung by Miss Pasmore.

Out at beautiful Cypress Lawn, a little later, it was Mr.

Hinman who voiced the yearning love of the absent friends "on two continents", as in a tender prayer, he committed the loved one to the Everlasting Arms where we know she will abide, and "Nearer My God to Thee" floated out from the chapel as we gathered up the wealth of blossoms that had completely covered the casket. Thoughtful sympathy had given lilies of the valley for the Pang Chuang schoolgirls, and sweet peas for the dear native women; and there were St. Joseph lilies from the missionary children who had been closely associated with her in the far-away days when they lived together in the Pang Chuang compound; and carnations, roses, dahlias, crysanthemums, asters and choice ferns all spoke their own message of comfort.

The final interment will be in Elmwood, Ill., where the sisters were born, and where their beloved father now rests.

The following verse by Effie S. Smith, in Conquest Hymns, was interlined by Miss Grace Wyckoff in her hymnbook and dated Aug. 2, 1915.

"And when eternal day shall dawn,
What joy to wake with Thee,
To dwell with Thee in mansions fair
Beside the crystal sea;
To see Thy wondrous beauty,
And know that I am thine;
What bliss to know that naught can part
My spirit, Lord, from Thine.
I am secure, I am secure,
With Thee, I am secure."

Faith's Prayer.

Lead me, dear Lord, by Thine own hand
Wherever the path may go;
It may be fair or desert land,
I do not need to know.
I only need to trust Thy care,
To know Thy love is sure,
To let Thee all my burdens bear,
And in Thy strength endure.

Guide me, dear Lord, by Thine own eye,
In ev'ry step I take;
So shall I feel Thee always nigh,
And live for Thy dear sake.
And looking up to Thee, my Guide,
Through darkness or through light
May I in trustful faith abide
Till faith is lost in sight.

Teach me dear Lord, in Thine own way
What e'er I ought to be;
The lessons may be hard to say,
The path too dark to see,
But holding by Thy pierced hand
I cannot go amiss.
Until I reach the Unseen Land
By faith I'll walk in this.

—Emma Graves Dietrich.

I count it the best and whitest of all days when a man accepts heartily, wholly and in loving choice the higher law of life,—the day when he welcomes the sacred yoke of duty, and gives the throne of his heart to the true King.—Charles G. Ames.

LONG BEACH NOTES.

With peculiar appropriateness one of the first public gatherings to promote the adoption of Constitutional Amendment No. 15 at the special State election, Oct. 26, which permits the tax-exempted churches of California to hold social services for their own benefit, took place Aug. 14, in the Congregational Church of Long Beach. This, by reason of the fact that Long Beach is the home of Assemblyman Rominger who introduced the resolution for the Amendment and championed it to successful passage in the Legislature. Still further, because to the Washington Gladden Club of this same church came the privilege of assisting in the campaign for the passage of the resolution at Sacramento.

The banquet, attended by members of the Federated Church Clubs of Long Beach and their lady friends, in all numbering 200, proved to be a delightful occasion. President J. H. Patterson in the chair was re-elected for the ensuing year; Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, pastor of the church officiated as toastmaster, and the church choir rendered choice selections.

After a brief presentation by Mr. W. P. Kimball of the urgent need of securing legal permission for the enlarging social services of California churches by adoption of Amendment 15, Rev. Dr. Francis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles, delivered a stirring and brilliant address upon 'The Church and the State.'

Among the telling points made by the eloquent speaker was one in which emphasis was laid upon the immeasurable indebtedness of the State to the Church for its teachings and its ministries in the work of producing the highest accomplishment of the State citizenship. The speaker forcibly argued that it was but a light return for the State to render by giving full legal sanction for the large-hearted social activities of the present day.

Rev. Dr. Rasmus, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Long Beach, then took charge of the practical part of the exercises and called for contributions of one to five dollars for the campaign fund of the State Federation for the Amendments. Seventy dollars were quickly offered for this purpose.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

It was gala day at the home of the Rev. Henry W. Mercer, of Sunset, San Francisco, on Tuesday the 10th of August. It was the 50th anniversary of his marriage on that day in 1865 to Emma Weeks of Ryde, Isle of Wight. The plighted troth then given had been kept sacred through the years and the family and friends came together to congratulate the aged couple and rejoice. It was an all day festival starting out with a ministerial luncheon and closing with a family party. Letters of congratulation and regrets of not being able to accept the invitation sent out, were received from the old country and from New York, Iowa, Washington and California. Among them are the names of Dr. Scudder and Dr. Temple of Seattle, Rev. C. F. Clarke, Rev. J. B. Orr and Mrs. C. F. Aked of San Francisco. Numerous floral offerings were received, also gifts both ornamental and useful. A Gunn Sectional Bookcase was from their sons and daugthers whose names—seven in all, a golden number— were engraved on a golden plate. The rooms and lunch table were artistically decorated, golden flowers predominating, at the luncheon table over which Dr. E. H. Mercer presided there were the Rev. Ernest Brad-

ley of the Church of St. John, the Evangelist. Rev. and Mrs. Francis van Horn of Oakland; Rev. and Mrs. Fisher and Rev. and Mrs. Charnock of Sunset. The blessing was asked by Dr. Van Horn and after all had been well regaled, Dr. E. H. Mercer arose and in a few appropriate words welcomed the guests in the name of his mother and father. The Rev. Ernest Bradley responded and The Rev. Henry W. Mercer gave an account of his marriage and ministry 50 years ago. When the coffee was brought in, from an adjoining room, came the words of a song of wedded life of 50 years ago, sung by Mrs. A. J. Mercer, which received a hearty applause. The evening was very merrily spent. First there was a reading from the Reception booklets by Percy C. Woodhouse, Secretary of the Burnaby Lodge No. 194, with suitable poems for the occasion by John T. Short of Berkeley. Then the Rev. H. W. Mercer gave a speech of welcome and appreciation of all that had been done by the family and the friends to make the day one of lasting happy memory. The day was brought to close with music and refreshments.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. William C. Kantner, D.D., who resigned the pastorate of the University Park Congregational Church a few weeks ago, has accepted a call from the Plymouth Congregational Church, and will begin his work there September first.

Rev. Frank Dyer, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of Tacoma, Washington, supplied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of this city this morning, Dr. Dyott being absent on his vacation. Dr. Dyer, upon whom the degree of D. D. was conferred by Pacific University at its commencement last June, before entering upon his pastorate at Tacoma, was Secretary of the National Brotherhood of Congregational Churches of the United States, with headquarters at Chicago. He is an attractive and forceful speaker. He made a strong plea for universal church unity. He and Mr. Joseph D. Neilan, leader of the Men's Bible Class in this church, were classmates in the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Rev. Arie Binkhorst, for several years a resident of this city, a native of Michigan, who held pastoral relations with churches in that State for several years, recently received a call from the Congregational Church of Tucson, Arizona. This he has accepted, and will soon leave this city to assume his duties in new home. At once upon his arrival in Portland he allied himself with the First Congregational Church, and from the beginning of his membership was an efficient worker, particularly in the Sunday School, of which he served a term as superintendent.

Rev. Frank W. Gorman, of the Atkinson Memorial Church, who has achieved an enviable reputation as a singer of devotional songs, recently made an engagement to sing in the Empress Theatre the Sundays of his vacation, his songs to be of a strictly devotional character. His songs today were "The Lost Chord," "A Perfect Day," and "I Hear You Calling Me." The propriety of his action is the subject of much comment, as well as criticism. As far as can be determined, a large majority of his church membership uphold him; and in a statement emanating from them the following language is used: "It is our pastor's vacation time and he is in no way neglecting his church. We have only praise for him in his devotion to his mother and his continued efforts to assist his family. We voice our love for him and our continued faith in his leadership. He will be in the pulpit as usual on Sunday morning, and all friends and strangers are invited to worship with us.

"If we or our pastor do an injustice to other churches, we regret it is so. But it seems to us that only inspiration can be found in the beautiful songs he is giving the public this week, or in the motives of his engagement, and we will accept stones only from such members as do not attend theatres."

Portland, August 8th.

The Home.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Late in the night I was beset with fear.
There seemed so much of wrong and pain anear,
  There seemed so much of weakness and of sin,
  That scarce a thought of love could enter in
My timid soul. Then sweet and clear I heard
Thrill gayly through the gloom the song of bird,—
  A song of life so true, so soft, so good,
  As passed a joyous Pippa of the wood,
That at the sound my trembling fears shrank back
Like shadows fading from the dawn's bright track,
  For, oh, it sang of Morn, all dew-empearled,
  And God and Heav'n, and All right in the world!
So I no more with Fear a vigil kept;
At peace, I turned upon my bed and slept.

—Rachel W. Godbey.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS, TAKE NOTICE.

Chubby Peter had been requested to give out the pencils in the third row.

About midway in this delightsome occupation he paused, gazing sternly and reproachfully at a microscopic damsel, whose demure eyes still betrayed the possibilities of unlimited mischief.

"What is it, Peter?" inquired teacher.

Peter's cherub countenance flushed, and he exclaimed quite tragically, "That girl—that Katherine—wont say 'Thank you'!"

A wave of excitement crept over the school. There were little shocked murmurs and looks of disapproval. What was going to happen?

"Oh, yes, Katherine will say 'Thank you,' " remarked teacher, composedly.

"I did say it," responded the little sinner. "I said a teenty 'Thank you,' big enough for a baby doll, but I'll say it again—I'll say it bigger. **Thank you, Peter Lanihan!**" and this last in a stentorian roar startled even the Guide of Youth.

"Isn't that a naughty child?" remarked one earnest young lady born to set the world right. The teacher looked into those forty pairs of eyes, but did not speak for a moment.

Katherine's laughing, blue orbs gathered in themselves a little mist of apprehension. Was this dear friend about to fail her?

"No," at last said the teacher, calmly. "Katherine is

a darling little girl. She does not mean to be naughty; she just forgets."

A look of passionate gratitude flashed over the child's face and a little tear gemmed the rosy cheek.

"I'll say 'Thank you' lots of times," exclaimed the little one.

"I'm sure you will," responded the teacher, cordially, and for the rest of the session Katherine was almost oppressive in her politeness to every one.

So the drama of child-life unfolded hour by hour, and the teacher often felt herself at school and the children her instructors.

Over and over it was impressed upon her that, after all, courtesy must be an inward quality, bearing the same relation to conduct that the perfume sustains to the flower.

Did she show those careless children the best essence of herself, she received from them a like quality in equal measure. Ah, it was more than that, the measure heaped up, overflowing, bestowed with the prodigality of childhood.

It came to her very poignantly how divinely ready is the heart of childhood for all things true and high.

The knowledge of it awoke both humility and terror in her soul, until she remembered the wonder of the work which God is ever accomplishing through his faulty and human instruments.

Children with all their trust and unconsciousness are still capable of shrewd observation, or does some spiritual instinct give them the power to distinguish between what is interior and abiding and what is merely surface and transitory?

"Francis is very polite," said a thoughtful little girl, "but I like Tom better."

"Why do you?' inquired her interested mother.

"Francis does not tell the truth, and he cheats in his lessons. Tom is rough, but he doesn't pretend."

If children are quick to detect inconsistency in one another, they are certainly not blind to the same faults in their elders, and they are equally appreciative when fair play is given them.

There may be a fear in the adult mind that he will lose the respect of the child if he ever owns himself in the wrong, but this is a needless apprehension.

"Deep calleth unto deep!" The same nobility of soul that prompts the confession will appeal to a like nobility in the little one. A mother once told this incident to the writer: "I was irritated and slapped my child because of some carelessness on her part. I repented instantly and said, 'Oh, Milly, forgive mother! She didn't mean to, and she's so sorry!' 'I know you didn't,' said the little thing, sweetly, 'That's why I didn't cry.' "

We are too apt to regard children as mere bunches of fun, carelessness, romping, forgetful, oblivious to our sacrifices and efforts for their sakes. Have we, then, forgotten our own childhood and how a child may feel?

A dear teacher in a great city school was about to resign her position. Some tiny first-graders dictated a letter to her, each child contributing a sentence, some of which we will quote:—

"Dear Miss——, I love you because you are so kind."

"I love you because you say 'Good-morning' to me."

"I love you because you have a little smile every day."

"I love you because you like us."

"I love you because you said once,'What a dear little school!' "

Was it not a heart of gold that could remember after several months a chance kindly expression?

There is much to be taken for granted in the practical training of the young child. We must accept the fact that he is naturally selfish, wishing to possess many things for the sake of possession, and inclined to hold on to his possessions for the same reason.

Now this is not evil in itself at the beginning. It results from that law of nature that is concerned in establishing personality as its first work.

The normal child is noisy, thoughtless, persistent, and this, too, is nature's provision. Happy the mother or teacher who can distinguish between depravity and the transient manifestations of the healthy young animal. Fortunate are those who are always willing to learn the secret of guidance, and to patiently apply that knowledge which is just sympathy with the child in all his manifestations.

"To know all is to forgive all." As we grow in our understanding we realize what is deeply rooted in character, what is passing phase, what should be guided, what repressed. Such knowledge saves unrest and distress in the adult mind and avoids unnecessary friction between the child and his elders.

When a mother once understands a law and its workings she will realize that certain things must be every-day affairs ruled by patience, perseverence, philosophy, and entirely separated from temper and the irritation of the moment. The saving grace of humor, too, is about as valuable an asset as we can possess.

Children may lack in dignity and control, but they admire it intensely in others.

They will give their enthusiastic obedience and devotion to those who know how to rule them with justice, calmness, unfailing regularity and sympathy.

Training must be constant to produce its impression. There is even value in a certain automatic quality. It need not be formal merely and barren if dictated by sympathy.

But with the best of intentions children forget. You will have to do and say the same things over and over before a habit is established and becomes, as it were automatic. If you have the "wise and understanding heart," it will be your ambition to say that same thing as sweetly and as free from irritation the hundredth time as you did the first. It will not be easy, but it is possible. It is the firm hand in the velvet glove that makes a lasting impression.

A certain group of children had become accustomed to the use of "Thank you" to the verge of formalism until the teacher wondered if the real grace, the perfume of it, was not being sacrificed.

It was the custom at morning talk to repeat some portion of Scripture and a poem. One day a part of the Te Deum was substituted, the leader putting into it all the earnestness and fervor of a believing heart.

The children sat motionless, almost breathless, as the noble sentences rolled along, and at the end broke into a spontaneous "Thank you," a tribute not only of gratitude, but of sweet and instinctive courtesy.

Even if the habit of acknowledgement becomes merely formal in some cases, no special harm is done so long as the children exercise discrimination, of which they are entirely capable.

A dear little girl was in the habit of saying, "You are welcome," even when she was thanked for giving out the pencils.

" 'Welcome' is such a beautiful word," said the teacher.

"It is like the golden daffodil we put in our very best vase: we must not make it too common. Emilio has taken the greatest pains to get the knot out of Thelma's ribbon, and she has thanked him very kindly. He passed her a book not long ago, and was also thanked. Now, if he may say 'You are welcome' but once, for which favor shall it be?"

The children did not hesitate to declare it must be for the former service, reminding the teacher how much pains he had taken. "She'd say 'Thank you' for the book, anyway," observed a small boy, proving that the act had received its just due and needed no more.

Sometimes there was crowding and pushing, the children in their enthusiasm thinking only of what was to be received. One boy invariably remained behind, content to be the last. "Ye'll never get things if ye don't grab," observed a shrewd laddie.

"Then I'll go without," said the first child, with a flash of scorn. "So would I," echoed the teacher. "Yes, Larry, I mean it."

"Huh!" responded Larry, sceptically, having early learned the advantage of two hard fists; but a silent sympathy spoke in more than one pair of childish eyes. Perhaps the dearest privilege of mother or teacher is to see the dawning of the soul in the child faces. It must be truly "line upon line," but a worthy example never fails to touch the deeper springs.

"I love our master. He always takes off his hat to me," said a child one day, quite unexpectedly.

"Yes," chimed in another. "I told my mother I had seen him on the street, and my mother she said, 'Whenever you see Mr. ——, take a good look at him. You'll never see a better gentleman.' "

"I like the lady who came in yesterday," piped up a wee lass. "She said my hat was pretty."

"Yes, an' she said ' 'Scuse me' when we bumped into each other," added a companion.

Do not children realize that true kindness lies at the heart of genuine courtesy?

We were reading the story of the dead dog viewed by Jesus and his disciples as they were walking one day. While each expressed his disgust at the putrefying corpse, the Master said only, "How white his teeth are!"

There was a murmur of approval, but the ever enthusiastic Katherine exclaimed with glowing face, "Oh, how nice!"

It is possible to teach that true politeness will avoid the giving of needless pain.

"Robert's a red-head, isn't he, now?" said a merry child, thoughtlessly. Dear little Robert's face flushed deeply and his eyes brimmed.

"Miss —— loves this little head. It is just like sunshine," said the teacher, tenderly.

"You're just kind!" exclaimed the older child in an honest admiration. "I do like Robert," he added, showing the generous desire to atone for his thoughtless words.

It is so easy to awaken in children the spirit of true chivalry, and the finest examples of such are the heritage of childhood the world over.

Saint Martin dividing his coat, Saint Christopher bearing the child, Saint George rescuing the little doomed princess, Saint Patrick heeding the cries of the enslaved children in Ireland, the dying Sidney yielding the cup of water to a humble comrade, saying, "Thy need is greater than mine, friend," David pouring out to Jehovah the draught that his soldiers had risked life to bring,—these are but a few golden names in the list of immortals.

So each bit of training, however formal, may have its soul, even if done as a matter of course.

Respect for rightful authority for the aged and helpless, for the rights and opinions of others, are self-evident duties. The bold are to be restrained without wounding self-respect, the shy to be encouraged, the self-conscious to be made to forget self, and so on through the endless chain of simple every-day things.

There is scarcely a moment of a child's busy day but may be made the occasion of this training in courtesy. He may learn through his games as well as his studies, through his simplest home duties, his slightest relations to the outside world.

He will learn in spite of our indifference and faithlessness if we are so unfortunate as to "offend" one of these "little ones."

But if we covet the joy of being his guide we must first of all be his friend. We must never forget how a child feels, how life seems from his standpoint. We must seek his best, give him our best.

"Our wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Faith, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first teach school."

This is the secret if we would know the most adorable of experiences, the trusting clasp of a small hand on ours.—Katherine Brown in Christian Register.

THE WAY OF A WOMAN.

The way of a woman is God's own way
Of making a beautiful thing of life;
Of healing the hurt of the toiling day,
Of lifting with love the shadows of strife;
Of reaching our sorrow and cark and care
With the inner sweet of her perfect soul;
Of giving us courage to trust and to bear,
Of helping us grow to the life that's whole.

The way of a woman is God's own creed
Of patience and sweetness through all that comes;
The grief and the sorrow, the cross and the deed.
The trumpet's call or the roll of drums;
Of making us better that she is near,
Of gift of the aching heart and the tear,
The grace of the glory of golden morn.

The way of a woman is God's own law
That unto the lives around her feet
Her love shall lift us to holy awe
And make us better, and true, and sweet;
And make us wiser than merely wise,
And make us stronger than merely strong,
To struggle and strive for the peace that lies
In the rest that floats from the wings of song.

Baltimore Sun.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held Wednesday and Thursday, September 1st and 2nd, 1915, at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, corner of Post and Mason streets. Morning and afternoon sessions at ten and one-thirty. One evening session, Wednesday, at eight o'clock.

For The Children.

THE MAGIC PLAYHOUSE.

Susie was not at all a naughty little girl. There were times, however, when she liked to have her own way, and then the relations between herself and her mamma were apt to be a trifle strained until Susie would say that she was sorry. But one very sad day—O! dear me! whether Susie got out of bed on the wrong side or not, I do not know, or even whether there is any right side to a bed under such circumstances; however that may be, Susie was very naughty, and cried dreadfully; and even after she was all sweet and smiling again, and goodness was shining out of her eyes, she still would not say she was sorry.

This made her mamma feel very sad indeed—so sad that she did not know what to do, so she went out into the garden to think it over. It was winter time, just about ready for spring to come, and the garden was all frozen and snowy; but when Susie's mamma had walked up and down the paths for a while, every now and then wiping her eyes with a clean pocket handkerchief, all of a sudden, in the corner, she saw something green.

"Dear me!" said Mamma, "is that a stray tulip or a jonquil that has got into that corner? I must go and look."

So she went; but when she got to the place, lo and behold! it was the funniest little Brownie you ever saw, all dressed in green, with a little pointed green cap upon his queer little head—a green cap with a long red tassel.

"Good morning, madam," he said, rising and bowing very politely; "you seem to be in trouble."

"Alack, sir," said Mamma, "my little daughter has been very naughty, and will not say she is sorry."

"But perhaps she is not sorry," said the Brownie.

"That," said Susie's mamma, "is just what distreeses me."

"Well," said the Brownie, "I do not know anyone who can make a little girl sorry more quickly than the Fairy Godmother."

"But how can I send for her?" asked Mamma.

"Why, as you would send for anyone else," answered the Brownie; "don't you know the way to the fairy telegraph office?"

"I never heard of such a thing," said Mamma.

"Well, you shall hear of it, and also see it," said the little green man; "come with me."

With that he led the way out of the small white gate, along the village street, and into the woods. The trees waved their bare brown boughs solemnly as Susie's mamma passed by, as though they were sorry that Susie should be so naughty; the little squirrels that peeped out had tears of grief in their bright eyes, and one of them cried so hard that he was obliged to use the end of his tail as a pocket handkerchief; the sparrows, too, were quite distressed about it, and a dear little robin redbreast flew down on Mamma's shoulder, and whispered to her not to mind, because he felt quite sure that Susie would be sorry presently.

At last they reached a hollow tree, which had a large swinging door of dark green moss. Over it was a sheet of ice, behind which a number of glowworms were so arranged as to form the letters, "Fairyland National Telegraph. Substation X."

The Brownie pushed the moss door and they entered. The cozy little office was carpeted with dry leaves, and lit up by hundreds of fireflies which grouped themselves into beautiful designs. Behind the counter a gentlemanly woodpecker took Mamma's message, and tapped it out with his bill upon the inside of the tree trunk, while the fireflies spread themselves out into a long fairy telegraph line, which Susie's mamma could see extending far, far away into the depths of the forest.

"What is the charge?" asked Mamma, when the Woodpecker said it was all right now.

"Only a few crumbs scattered before your door for the winter birds," said the Brownie, "and a little consideration for the fireflies; though Susie is not one of the children who so cruelly catch them and pull off their wings, when they fly about your earth in the beautiful summer evenings. Such children do not know how wicked it is, I am sure, to treat a helpless insect in that way, or how it interferes with the fairies to lose their electric messengers. Now you must hasten homewards, or the Fairy Godmother will be there before you."

He took her by the hand, and they ran every step of the way, not stopping even to find the pale arbutus blossoms under the dry leaves, or to stroke the pussy willows down by the brook. But hurry as they would the Fairy Godmother hurried still faster, and when they reached the little white gate she was just alighting from her chariot of walnut shell, drawn by two enormous yellow dragons, whose tails were so long and so wriggly that they had to be tied with pink ribbons on top of their backs, lest they should knock the chariot into the middle of next week.

The Fairy Godmother looked as sad as the squirrels and the sparrows and everybody else, when she heard that Susie would not say she was sorry.

"The best thing," she said, "would be to shut her up in a gray stone tower, with no light and no fire, and nothing to eat"—

"O, my dear Fairy Godmother," said Susie's mamma, crying very hard indeed, "do, pray, don't be quite so severe!"

"Very well, then," said the Godmother, "what do you say to a magic playhouse, with little dolls that can eat and walk and talk?"

"If—" said Susie's mamma, for she did not see how a little girl should say she was sorry on account of anything half so delightful and altogether charming. But Susie laughed and clapped her hands and danced all about the room at the mere thought; so the Fairy Godmother said the magic playhouse was certainly the thing, and she would forward it as soon as she returned, by the Fairyland National Express Company.

With which she stepped into her walnut-shell chariot, and the enormous yellow dragons spread out a cloud of fire and smoke, and when it cleared away the Fairy Godmother was gone.

In about two minutes there rattled up to the gate a spruce little wagon, drawn by six large yellow caterpillars and lettered on the side, "Eve's Express Company," for you see the queen of the fairies was a lady, and it was called Eve's Express Company out of compliment to her.

A cute little Brownie sprang down from the driving seat with a book under his arm made of lily leaves sewn together and bound in mouseskin.

"Miss Susie Littlegirl," he said, briskly, "one package. Charges paid. Sign here, please."

So Susie wrote her name in the book, just where he showed her, and the Brownie pulled out of the wagon a very large package. In fact, it was so very large that if he had not been a Brownie he could never have got it into his wagon or taken it out either.

Then he touched his cap and drove away in the twinkling of an eye, and your eyes would have twinkled, too, I can assure you, if you had seen that playhouse. Do you

know the house you live in? Well, it was just like that, only prettier. And the mamma and papa dolls were alive, and the little boy dolls could fly kites and spin tops and the little girl dolls had dolls of their own.

Susie was so happy for a while she didn't know what to do, and only cared to sit and watch these tiny, cunning, little people, but by and by, as was quite natural, she thought it would be nice to have a general housecleaning.

"Housecleaning," said the doll mamma, "and a new seamstress coming tomorrow! It is not to be thought of."

"Well, then, let's have a party," said Susie.

"A party," said the doll papa, "why, I have to write seventeen editorials for the Fairyland Nocturnal Review between this and tomorrow morning. I cannot possibly allow any such interruption."

"Well, anyhow, we can take a drive," said Susie, almost crying.

"Drive! We're going to skate on the fairy ice pool. It is too small for big things like you, and against the rules for you to come, anyhow," cried the boys and girls together.

Well, that was only the beginning of it. Whatever Susie wanted them to do those provoking dolls always wanted to do something else. And as for dressing and redressing twenty times a day, being ill with scarlet fever four days out of six and sitting down to meals whenever Susie took a notion to have them, they just wouldn't hear of it. The mamma doll said gravely that such a life would ruin the strongest constitution. It was fully as objectionable as wearing pins inside one's anatomy instead of out; and if Susie did not know how a doll liked to be treated it was time she began to find out.

"But you ought to do as I tell you because I'm your mother!" cried Susie at last. The dolls suddenly stood up stiffly in a row and looked at her with accusing eyes.

Then all at once Susie understood, and she was sorry; so she ran very quickly and threw her arms around her mamma's neck and said, "O, Mamma, I am sorry I was naughty; please to forgive me!"

Then her mamma hugged her and kissed her and was very happy indeed, and out of doors the leaves came out on the trees, the flowers sprang up from the earth and bloomed, the birds began to sing and the pussy willows united in a grand cats' opera.

Susie is now, at all times and in all seasons, the best little girl in Fairyland or out of it, and the magic playhouse is not magic any longer, but just like your playhouse, only prettier. And the dolls no longer insist on having their own way, but do just as their little mamma tells them; and Susie has her own way so entirely in her playhouse that in Mamma's house she has Mamma's way and finds it always the best. And if she ever happens—as will happen even to good little girls sometimes—to be just the least little bit naughty, she runs quickly—O! so quickly—and says she is sorry. And Susie's mamma is the happiest mamma in the whole round world because she has such a good little daughter.—Katharine Pearson Woods.

God lives! there rest, my soul;
God hears! before Him bow;
God sees! and can control;
God leads! then follow thou.
God gives and loves—
Look up above!
O heart, be done with all thy care!
Thou shalt live with Him there.

—Schmolke.

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DIVINITY.

God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all Thy creatures out from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers;
Through every grade of being runs,
Till from creation's radiant towers
Its glory streams in stars and suns.

O ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and pensive will;
Who only see amid the strife
The dark supremacy of ill,
Know that like birds and bees and flowers
The life that moves you is divine.
Nor time, nor space nor mortal powers
Your godlike spirit can confine.

God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
Thus round and round the circle runs,
An endless sea without a shore,
Till men and angels, stars and suns
Unite to praise Thee evermore.

—Lizzie Doten.

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway.
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies.
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.

Sidney Lanier.

I have remarked that a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that Human Portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls. —Carlyle.

Until thou hast conquered, say nothing of thy secret, strife. The good which thou hast done, forget, and do something better. All forms which are of man's make God's hand shatters; break them not, but put into the form so much spirit that something everlasting may remain for you if all forms be shattered.—Lavater.

There are cases in which a man would have been ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which men are more injured by their suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.—Burke.

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